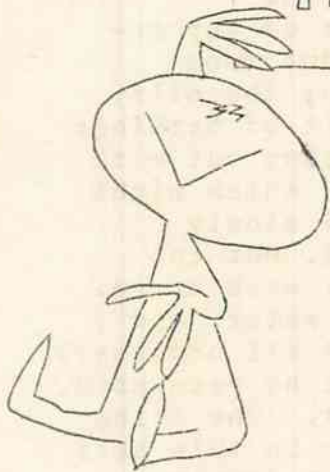


FOURTH
DARN
ISSUE

DOGIE

is produced for OMPA at irregular intervals by Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Md, USA. This particular issue is dated January 1959 and should be a part of the nineteenth OMPA mailing.



Since I'm none to sure of just what the following means, if anything, I'll quote it just as Dick Eney sent it to me on a postcard bearing a cancellation date of 21 Dec 58: "'Doughboy is an old English navy term for dumpling. It was formerly applied to the infantry only, and its use is said to have originated in the fact that the infantrymen once pipe-clayed parts of their uniforms*, with the result that they became covered with a doughy mass when it rained.'

--H.L. Mencken: The American Language.

*the belt and cross-straps. A paste of pipe-clay dried chalk-white, like white shoe polish."

Not too long ago, the American Association for the Advancement of Science held their annual meeting in Washington D. C. Although a great deal of the meeting interested me, I didn't get a chance to go until the last couple of days. One of these days they were holding a day-long session on scientific manpower--employment trends, current and future needs, and so forth. This happens to be my primary concern in my job, so when I asked the office for permission to attend on their time, they were more than happy to let me go. Most of the day was spent attending this symposium, but once or twice I took a breather and went to the meeting of the Astronautics Section of the AAAS, neatly mixing business with pleasure. One of the Manpower sessions I missed was the report on future needs for highway engineers or some such subject--it was a field that has absolutely no bearing on my work, so I felt safe in skipping that session for the Astronautics presentation. When I came back the highway speaker was still going strong, and was just finishing a report on highway construction techniques of the future. Like how roads could be built in a one-stage operation by machines now on the drafting boards, without the necessity for a man to ever set foot on the area where the road was being built, except possibly to establish survey control points. I heard just enough to make me wish I'd heard more--it sounded far more fantastic than the portion of the Astronautics Section presentation that I'd managed to catch (the problem of water recovery and re-use in a closed system.)

The following day I took some time off in order to catch the closing session on astronautics. The program, this year, was devoted primarily to the biological and physiological problems of space flight, so I can't say that I learned too much (Eney should have been there!) More than anything else I was impressed by the straight scientific approach which these

futuristic problems were receiving. The water recovery problem is a good example. As sf fans, it's a problem that we are used to, and it's usually handled quite efficiently in the space ships that we're familiar with. It's somewhat different to be faced with a sober recounting of the sources of used water, the foreign substances found therein, and the difficulties of screening out these contaminants. Soap (or detergent) residue from washing dishes as well as the food particles resulting; the oils, dried skin, hair, etc, which get into water as a result of bathing; the tremendous variety of chemicals which the body washes out with water, many of which are poisons in concentration or which might be if allowed to remain in the water, recirculate, and slowly accumulate. From the small amount that I saw or heard, not too many problems are expected for short trips--a day or a week or so. Not so long as you can carry oxygen in bottles, fresh water, and concentrated rations. But when a variety of food with all necessary long-term essentials must be provided, when water must be recovered, when air must be regenerated--then it gets complicated. One thing of interest to me is the amount of research being done in this area by Naval personnel. At least one of the speakers was a former Navy submarine officer, and several Navy officers were present in the audience--far more than wore either Army or Air Force uniforms. And some Navy submarine research was apparently being used--food and water consumption per man per day, air purification systems used by the navy, including systems of removing odors, keeping down the CO₂ level, and circulating the air, this latter including the necessity for seeing that certain air did not get mixed into the general system, such as when it was loaded with ozone, fumes from batteries, etc.

It was interesting.. Future meetings will be in Milwaukee, Detroit, Los Angeles, and several other cities I don't recall offhand; there were no oversea meetings scheduled within the next six years, and considering the title of the group I doubt if they meet outside the U.S. The meetings are always during the Christmas holidays. If any US fan gets a chance to attend, I'd suggest strongly that he do so--there is always more than enough going on to keep any science fan happy, and a lot sounds like the sf of only five or ten years ago.

+ Problems have arisen. Today is Sunday, 25 January, and today I had scheduled for the completion of Dogie. Tomorrow a term paper of my brother's is due at college, and he needs this typewriter to complete the paper. Perhaps it's just as well--the material I was going to put in here can just as well be put in next issue since it's not tied to the calendar, an additional re-write might improve it, and possibly by deferring it Derry will be able to schedule in his slightly related article so that both his and mine will appear in the same mailing. In closing I'd like to remind you that the time to contribute to the Berry to Detroit fund is now, the new address for contributions is c/o the Falascas, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio. Contributions of over \$2.00 will be refunded if John can't make the trip. About \$80 has been pledged and/or submitted as of this writing.

CORALLED: THE 18TH MAILING

Officialdom's OFF TRAILS. Mailing arrived 5 January, a little bit later than usual, but in good condition as always. Darn waiting list is beginning to resemble FAPA's--not the names represented, but the size. Madle would have been added some time ago, but I kept forgetting to send him the address and name of OMPA's last president. # I'm somewhat glad to see OMPA getting a trifle stuffy about paying dues on time, even if I was saved last time only by an ever-thoughtful Bennett who remembered my dues even though I had forgotten. We apa presidents gotta stick together. # I assume the unmailed postmailings to the June mailing are not to be considered part and parcel of said mailing? # How come at the last moment I did get a copy of REMEMBRANCE? Did that final package come in, or was an extra copy found somewhere?

Mercer's AQOS SQUARED. Fun, particularly "I Want to go Back to Wesfes." Please, tho, don't start a movement. Things seems nice and quiet and peaceful now, and it's more fun that way.

Mercer's TALES FROM THE OUBLIETTE. 'Tain't true to life--thank heavens!

Mills' UR. But in England they drive on the left. And on one road near the Pentagon. # Somehow missed Leman at the Solacon, and then on the way back was supposed to see him but a selfish desire to miss about three hours of driving caused me to again miss him. I think he's one of the finest talents in science fiction fandom.

Caughran's A L'ABANDON. Your address was changed in my copy of OFF TRAILS 17 Jim. These OMPA type people do strange things--stamp collections mounted, hand-colored covers, and etc many times over. # Since I long ago made that comment about the west coast fan who didn't pass on qc's, I should have mentioned long since that Honey Graham was the girl. Thanks to you (and Eney) for doing so. # Pakistan sounds wonderful--just like the Turkey of song and legend. # Suggest that once Cleopatra's needle arrives you start sewing your wild oats. (OK, OK, it's a hull of a long way to go for a pun.)

Eney's PHENOTYPE. Darn, just when TAFF seems to be settling down to a nice normal good-fellowship type existence you have to go and raise the awful spectre of what is and isn't vote buying again. As to the incident you cite, I considered that an error in judgment due to your (ahem) youth. I still think of it that way. I don't know whether I was more startled at your offer, or at the acceptance of the offer by some of the club members (and may I insert a word for myself to say that I had voted long before this incident and so had no problem.) In case anyone still wonders if this was the

vote-buying incident that so shook TAFF, it isn't. The other two may be only rumor, but it was the rumor that caused the shakeup. To me, payment of someone else's voting fee is vote-buying, since the person whose fee is paid is under an indirect obligation to vote for the person who did the paying. The next time some candidate is in a generous mood I hope he sends the money direct to TAFF rather than paying the voting charge for some poor soul who doesn't have the sense or moral principles to decline the unwanted charity. Or maybe I should say "unasked for" rather than "unwanted"--as mentioned before, the acceptance startled me as much as the offer. It still does. # TRANSURANIC was put out by the Carolina group. The only issue I have is the third number of the second volume. This issue ran thirty-four pages of rather negligible material, neither better nor worse than any other run-of-the-mill fanzine. # Somewhere I read that the average height of the French male decreased by about one or two inches after a series of wars. Maybe this was following WW I, or maybe it was after the Napoleonic Wars; I don't recall. The report credited this shrinkage to the fact that the taller (and therefore, on the average, healthier) men served in the Army, and that a number of these healthier specimens got killed, resulting in a loss of this healthy breeding stock to France. The less-healthy (and, on the average, shorter) men didn't get into service, didn't get shot, and therefore remained to serve the necessary function of carrying on the race. Survival of the unfittest.

Linwood's MOVIE MUSIC. In general, I dislike movies. Specifically, I dislike musicals. I didn't think I would enjoy reading this, so it has been placed back in the envelope unread. Sorry.

Potter's FIX. My curiosity overcomes my reticence in asking this: what is a lavatory yard? # All you need to do to sell your epic about the edgot is to rename the hero Ferdinand Feghoot and send it to the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction.

Evans' REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST. Again, a good selection. Sometimes I miss literary-type fanzines. But only sometimes. For the long run I think we actually have a fairly good selection available today even though this isn't exactly a high point in fannish publishing history. # Did you know, Bill, that your issue identification for the reprints from April '41 got shuffled? Some were marked 2, 1, and others 1, 2.

Ratigan's SATAN'S CHILD. Why Dorothy, what wide margins you have! The better to meet my page requirements, she said. --Not true, I know, but the amount of white space did call for some kind of comment, even if unkind comment. # There's a tremendous amount of difference between riding and driving. Riding I like better in certain respects, primarily the freedom to observe. And yet, with all this freedom, I find that only as a driver can I learn a route from here to there--when to edge out for a left turn (remember, we drive on the right here), which street to take where five or six come together at an intersection (or around a circle in mixed-up Washington), or the exact timing needed to beat the stoplight at the corner. All things

considered, I'd sooner drive; it's easier on my nerves and I know better where I am and have been. Quite a mess recently tho, when the office moved to a new location after having been quite close to home for me for many years. Four times running I wound up going over a bridge I didn't want to take, simply because four different routes I tried were all routed over that particular bridge, with no way out until the bridge had been crossed. The fifth route works fine.

Lindsay's SCOTTISHE. In your review of Ashworth's Dupe, you mentioned things done out of a desire to please another. My marginal note refers to Austin Tappan Wright's book, ISLANDIA, but unfortunately I can't now find the passage. The passage in question, however, stated that things should be done for one's own pleasure--which is a concept quite opposed to the total concept of the book, and the character who made the statement (I can't now recall whether it was Dorna or Hytha Nattana, tho it was most likely the former.) The question it's always raised in my mind is that sometimes pleasing another is the greatest pleasure and it really matters not to you what you do (like, let's say, taking an evening walk versus going to a show) just as long as what is done pleases the other. Maybe Evans or someone else who has read the book can clarify Wright's meaning for me--the passage has puzzled me for years. And pardon me, Ethel, for straying so far from comment on your fanzine. # The movie, The Defiant Ones, sounds good as you described it. It sounded lousy, as the ad-writers over here described it, which is one of the reasons that I didn't see it. Back in the days when I attended movies I used to select the ones to attend based on the badness of the preview. The worse the preview, the better the movie. Maybe there is something about a good show that makes it impossible to describe in a few words or a few short scenes, while a bad one can be made to look good--maybe because bad movies are mostly composed of good scenes stuck together without plot, story, or taste.

Roles' MORPH. You did beautiful work on the map--what a thing to copy onto stencil! # Speaking of girls, as you were in you Rollings, the other evening I was sbrting thru some old material I had, and ran across a list of "things not to forget" which I'd written in 1945 in obvious expectation that I would forget them. Some of the entries did bring back memories--"Ruth & Jim" - Jim was my room-mate and Ruth was his girl friend; "June" - she was a beautiful strawberry-blonde I happened to rescue during a rain storm (she was getting awfully wet walking, and it was nice and dry in the car); and other typical footnotes to the life of a single soldier stationed in a friendly city. Some of the notes puzzle me--I can't recall who "Gin-Lee" was nor why "Lindy & Joplin" should ever have meant anything special--even tho I do recall that Lindy was the owner of the car in which June was rescued, and that Joplin was a nearby town. # We (USers, to use your term) do use many superfluous prepositions, but I must disagree with you on the meaning--or lack of meaning--in "I never saw him before. I won't disagree that it's gramatically weak in context, but it must be recognized as the idiomatic phrase that it is. And, as an idiom, it means what it means and not necessarily what the individual words mean if taken singly. Might as well criticize us for using the expression

"sleep like a cat," when we can't actually "sleep like a cat" since we lack a tail, are jointed differently, and cannot purr. Grammarians frighten me sometimes. They are all too often convinced that there are "proper" and "improper" ways to say things, which is only a half truth. There are ways that convey meaning, and ways that don't or that convey the wrong meaning. General useage usually conveys meaning the best; that doesn't necessarily make it the most desirable useage. I hope Derry will forgive me for stealing this line from his daughter Jan (or was it Susan?): "The seeds of milk run down the thinness." That is not grammatical. Milk does not have seeds, while "thinness" is a property of a thing rather than a thing in its own right. But Jan wanted to describe something she saw, which was drops of milk running down the side of a glass. I think that she succeeded admirably. Grammarians also frighten me with their urge to classify, to categorize, and to delimit. 'That word's an adjective, you can't use it as an adverb or a noun.' Someone should tell Sturgeon that his title, The Silken Swift, was ungrammatical. Words, they tell us, should only be spelled one way. And yet, usually, an error in spelling makes little difference. Sneary's letters are but little more difficult to read than those of spelling experts. Sometimes it makes a difference (and the image of Derry's "titless" picture comes to mind) but usually nothing could be less important than minor spelling variations, providing they are reasonably phonetic (which was Derry's trouble--his spelling left out a syllable). # Some of your comments on writing I agree with (here I'm speaking about the stories you dislike). Mission of Gravity fascinated me, but I do agree on the poorness of Farmer's Moth and Rust. Ditto for de Camp's Krishnan material. By coincidence, the subject of de Camp came up at the club last Sunday night, and the three who commented (Evans, Derry, and I) were fairly well in agreement that there was much bad de Camp, although the material with him and Pratt was good. As to Shaver, I still recall his "An Adam from the Sixth" with fondness--it's the only one. The Venus Equilateral series was one of my early favorites. I haven't read them since late '47; maybe I'll re-read them some day and see how they stand up after the passage of years. Darn it, you swerved the subject back to de Camp inside front cover, so I'm forced to say that de Camp's articles are, to my mind, about the worst articles that ever appear in any SF magazine. The man is an extreme stuffed shirt in his articles, and I find him tremendously irritating. I would add one generally praised story to your list of stories to be condemned: Jack Williamson's "Darker than you Think." In view of what I said above, it embarrasses me slightly to admit that the reason I disliked this was that it was so ungrammatical as to be unreadable.

Berry's VERITAS. Your artwork remains as fine as ever. It's illustrative, fairly attractive, and well placed. I've seen professed artists do worse. 'Tho I must admit that I've never before seen quite such attention paid to fingerprints. # Bradley, at least, didn't bore me. Most poems found in fanzines do. I'd like to see more--but I'm not promising that I'll like them. # Sanderson's point on "packaging" of SF stories I found interesting

because I've recently been catching up on a two- or three-year stack of unread issues of prozines. I found, during this reading spree, that I don't mind the absence of interior illustrations in magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. For one thing, I'm used to the absence of interior illustrations, and secondly, I read this magazine for quality, and I read every story (there's only one story in all its issues that I never finished, excluding the last eight issues which haven't yet been read.) In Astounding, I found that I read most of the stories in the accumulated stack, but in Galaxy I doubt if I read one story out of every three. In Galaxy, the illustrations either didn't draw me to the story, or they made a negative impression, while in Astounding most of the illustrations made the stories look interesting (even tho many fell flat once read.) When Gold introduced the present style of art that he uses to Galaxy I rather liked it, and I still think that it makes a nice variation once in a while. But not always. It's messy and gray, and who wants to read a gray magazine? Depressing.

Wild's VAGARY. You really did ramble this time Bobbie, there are so many varied items cussed and discussed that any sort of adequate commentary would take up almost as much space as did VAGARY itself. I'm going to take the easy way out and comment only very briefly on a couple of very minor items. # You mentioned coughing and the possibility of controlling coughing in your comments on Stratford. 'Way back in 1944, late in March, there were quite a number of colds going around the camp where I took basic training, and most of the training lectures were liberally punctuated with coughs, sneezes, sniffles and the related sounds of colds. One of our lecturers one day became tired of the continual commotion, and announced that there would be a two minute period in which everyone would get the coughs out of his system. There were two minutes of violent coughing--but after that the lecturer proceeded without interruption. It was a fascinating demonstration in mob psychology, and in self-control which can be exerted. # The only trouble with protest marches, as I see it, is that they are "used" by politicians, and that they sometimes do get out of hand, since there is but a shade of difference between a group and a mob. Sometimes they even accomplish something. They're a dangerous toy, but I'd not want to say that they are useless or should be outlawed. When you come to think of it, war is nothing more than a highly organized and formalized protest march. No, I'll limit that statement. The war started by Germany and Italy was not a protest march. The answer in terms of British and American participation was. # Shucks, your comments on American politics (and politicians) were much milder than many comments made by Americans. Dulles is heartily disliked over here--but so was Atcheson. Any head of the State Department will be disliked as long as the cold war continues.

There seems to be only one postmailing to date:

Dietz's PEALS. If Chris Moskowitz next visits the Washington D.C. Disclave, she'll really have a problem as to which club, Washington or Philly, should get the 1960 convention bid. As Belle knows, the Disclave doesn't even pretend to have a program. Just fannish type people in one location. With that, who needs a program?

Ellington's FIJAGH sneaked in while I wasn't looking. The first time I heard your title I couldn't get it. The second time someone dropped the hint that it was a fannish abbreviation, and after that it was the work of a moment.... Politics leaves me cold. It has always been thus. Once in a while I'll get upset about something--taxes, or tarriffs, or brinkmanship--but normally I just don't give a damn. If we ever got into a discussion on this (and I promise not to start one) I'd agree with you on the necessity for freedom first and foremost--but I'm not at all sure that we'd agree on just what freedom consisted of. # "Conversation with Nekko'Sanban" was fun. Much better drawn than the source. This, tho meaningful, was lightly humorous, while the source was heavy-handed and very-very unfunny. # Lots of people around Washington would agree with you and Roles on Phillips' So Shall Ye Reap. I don't class it as "one of the best Phillips has ever written" however, I class it as the best he has written. Very little else by him is even worth reading--tho I have liked a couple of stories of his printed within the past two years. # The cheap boat trip bit came out several years ago, and I'm wondering now if the deal you mention is the same. I long ago threw away the clipping about it, and although I mentioned it in correspondence at the time this was a period during which I didn't keep carbons. On further thought maybe the one I read had to do with air fare. What I wanted to point up was that this sort of cheap travel idea has been introduced before, and while it may come to pass it will probably be a long time coming. Vested interests will fight any serious reduction in fares, and the big airlines and ship lines know how to fight. So maybe--but not this decade and probably not next. # Enjoyable fanzine Dick, even if I skip the parts where you talk about world or internal affairs there's still plenty to keep me happy.